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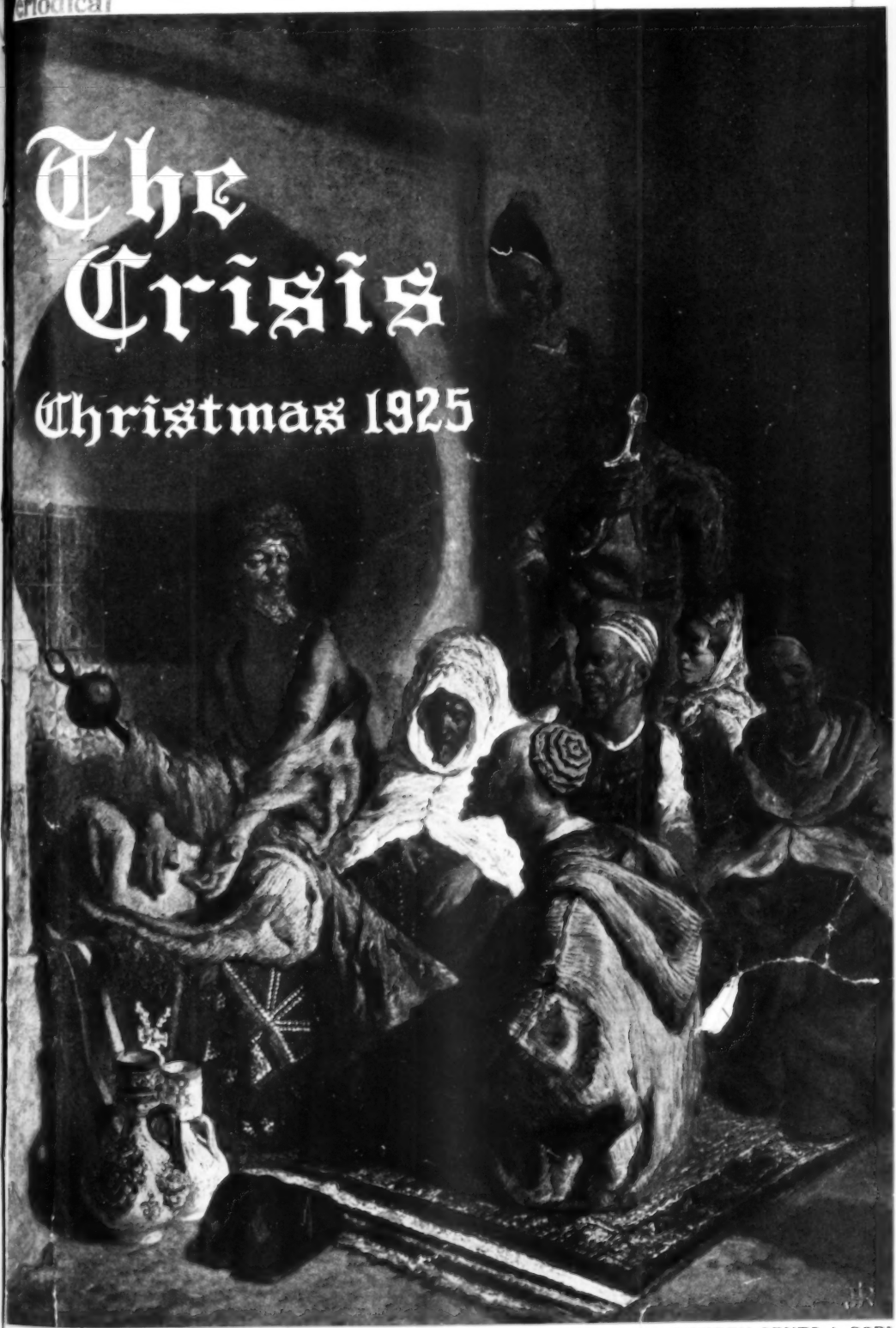
The Crisis

Christmas 1925



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THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

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Vol. 31 No. 2 DECEMBER, 1925 Whole No. 182

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THE NEW YEAR

We have many new plans for 1926 which we shall announce in January. That month will bring articles on Negro Art and Howard together with prize fiction and essays.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 31 No. 2 DECEMBER, 1925 Whole No. 182

Opinion of W. E. B. Du Bois

THE SERMON ON THE TOWER

AND seeing the multitudes He went up into the Woolworth Tower and when He was set He opened his mouth and said:

"Poor-spirited men are successful because they will live after death.

"Sorrowful people are lucky because friends comfort them.

"Meek folk will be rich because they will own the land.

"If you are hungry to do right, you'll do right.

"If you don't get even with others they won't try to get even with you.

"Only the Pure see God.

"Pacifists are God's children.

"If you are good, you'll see Hell and deserve Heaven.

"When men call you names and make faces at you and lie about you, laugh; all prophets always are treated that way.

"Salt must be salty and lights must burn.

"Don't kill people—don't even be angry at them.

"Don't force women—don't buy men.

"Don't hit back.

"Love your enemies.

"Be as perfect as God."

Thus spake Jesus Christ. And the people in the Woolworth Tower were dumbfounded.

NOW OR NEVER

A THOUGHTFUL woman was speaking to me. "What are these law cases?" she asked.

They are three:

1. *District of Columbia:* Can a group of landholders contract never to sell their land to a Negro and then be able to punish in the courts any one of their number who changes his mind, or any subsequent buyer of the land who wishes to sell to black folk?

2. *Texas:* Can a political party hold a primary election and exclude a member of the party from voting because he is of Negro descent?

3. *Detroit:* Can a black man defend his home from a white mob?

"And what will these cases cost?" she asked.

At least $20,000—possibly $50,000.

"And you have to beg for the money? Is it possible that 12 million people are not willing to give five cents apiece for the right to buy a home, the right to defend it and the right to vote? Is it possible?"

No, it is not possible.

Now or never the Black Folk of America must strike for freedom. No listless foolishness, no carping criticism, but to the Work. Pay! Give! Sacrifice! Be men and women! Be free!

We have secured the best legal talent in the United States—Story, Marshall, Darrow; we have associated with them the best colored lawyers obtainable: Lewis, Cobb, Perry, Rowlette and Mahoney.

We are going to win.

But to win we must pay.

The cost of Freedom to the Negro today is $50,000.

Is it worth it?

If it is, pay and pay now.

As we write the first gun booms.

The American Fund for Public Service gives us $20,000; $5,000 is given outright and $15,000 will be added if we raise $30,000, and thus complete the $50,000 fund.

The first gun booms.

But it is not our gun.

Our gun must blaze with $30,000.

Who starts?

THE BLACK MAN AND LABOR

TWO significant movements have recently taken place among us. The Pullman Porters are organizing a trade union and the colored Communists have met in Chicago. Both movements have found opposition and from the same source. So intelligent and skilled a group of men as the Pullman porters ought to have long since adopted collective bargaining with their employers. But the Pullman company and other white capitalists have discouraged this with threats and propaganda and lately they have hired a silly black lawyer, who holds a small job in Washington, to help them.

Why is this? It is because since the days of slavery the black laborer has been allied with the white capitalist. Since emancipation he has been bribed by philanthropy so that he thinks the thoughts of the rich, the powerful, the employing class. At the same time he has been kicked out of the major part of the white labor movement and his resultant resentment has helped his alignment with capital. Today he is beginning to awake. The Pullman porters are going to have a union.

But beyond that if black men wish to meet and learn what laborers are doing in England or in Russia and sympathize with these movements they have a perfect right to do so; it is unjust of white men and idiotic of colored men to criticize the attempt. We should stand before the astounding effort of Soviet Russia to reorganize the industrial world with open mind and listening ears. Russia has not yet failed and Negroes must not swallow all the lies told about her. She may yet show the world the Upward Path. THE CRISIS does not know the persons back of the Chicago convention, but it asserts the right of any set of American Negroes to investigate and sympathize with any industrial reform whether it springs from Russia, China or the South Seas.

THE TERRIBLE DILEMMA

HERE is a church—a black man enters; here is a college—a black man applies; here is a Y. W. C. A.—a black girl would sleep in the dormitory; here is a block—a black family moves in. And then! O Heaven! The dismay—the writhing and the prayer. The terrible, terrible dilemma. What *shall* be done? What *can* be done? Please withdraw—don't ask us—wait, go elsewhere, die, anything, anything but—and then the solution. The black man worships; the black student studies, the black girl sleeps and the black family breathes and sings and cooks. So simple. So normal. What was the cause of the rumpus anyhow?

Black students tried to enter the dormitories at Columbia. A few were admitted. Then by hook or crook, deception or deliberate lies all were excluded. Then Columbia grew ashamed. Putting up an impartial standard she began to admit black students. This year a group of colored girls was received into a dormitory. The result has been simple and gratifying. They were called on and welcomed. They went quietly about their work.

"Why didn't we try it before?" gasped the overjoyed matron.

Again a friend has received this letter from the University of Wisconsin:

"Shortly before I left Madison—the last Sunday—I went to a picnic given for the industrial girls group at the University summer school—a group similar to the one at Bryn Mawr. I thought of you and of how it would delight you to see the two Negro girls playing ball with the other girls on terms of friendly equality. When the two colored girls applied there was quite a furor for a time and the problem of what to do with them was very real. It was decided to take a house and to try having the girls live together. Two university girls, one Esther Silberman, Jewish from New York, the other Lois Bacon, Isabelle LaFollette's sister, expressed their willingness to live in the house with the colored girls and to attempt to keep things going smoothly—and it worked out beautifully, with no evidence of race feeling whatever. I didn't stay at the picnic on the moonlight evening by the lake, so missed the Negro spirituals sung by a trio of the two colored and one white girl."

Just song and moonlight and human beings; but add a Fool and you have an insoluble race problem.

PHILIPPINE MULATTOES

YOU will have noticed in the press a delicately worded appeal for funds. It would seem that there are some little children in need in the Philippines. Major General Wood, Governor of the islands, is speaking in their behalf:

"Chief Justice William Howard Taft of the Supreme Court of the United States, former Governor General of the Philippines, W. Cameron Forbes, Major Gen. James G. Harbord, Major Gen. Hugh L. Scott, Martin Egan, Vice-President Charles G. Dawes and dignitaries of the Catholic and Protestant churches are typical of the men who have pledged their support to this drive for funds. General Wood has cabled: 'The American people have been so generous in their responses to the cries of children all over the world that I have no hesitation in appealing to them for children of their own blood who are in need of help. Especially do I have profound confidence, as the problem involves the honor of the American nation.'"

What is all this about? In plain, cold English, the American people in bringing Peace and Civilization to the Philippines have left 18,000 bastards in the islands! Isn't this fine work? Can you not see the Godly White Race struggling under the Black Man's Burden! Can you not see how Americans hate Social Equality with brown women?

Why is America asked to support these illegitimate victims of white men's lust? Because the United States government, the War Department and Governors Wood, Taft and Forbes have somehow let American skunks scuttle from the island and leave their helpless and innocent bastards to beg and perish, and their deserted mothers to starve or serve as prostitutes to white newcomers. Send, in God's name, America, two million dollars to Mary Frances Kern at 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, now; and send simultaneously two million protests to Washington to lambaste the heads of Congressmen who permit the holding of the Philippines as a house of prostitution for American white men under the glorious stars and stripes.

CHURCH, FRATERNITY AND SOCIAL UPLIFT

THE CRISIS suggestion that the church provide scholarships for Negro students has elicited hearty approval in many quarters. And it *should* bring fruit. It is so easy a matter to initiate. Greater New York has at least 50 Negro churches which could add $500 annually to their budget for a scholarship. There are fifty others that could give partial scholarships of $50—$250. In order to avoid internal jealousies, an annual city examination of high school graduates should be held somewhat similar to the college entrance examinations and conducted by the school authorities with some colored persons of prominence and known integrity coöperating. Then at a great spring or sum-

mer assembly the scholarships could be awarded. This would add tremendously to the prestige of the church among the young and among scholars and more than pay its expense in increased revenues. What city will be first to try it?

Again the *Columbian Press Bureau* suggests that colored fraternities might finance housing for Negroes with profit to themselves and desperately needed aid to the race. It points to the five millions which the white Maccabees have invested in home building. Our fraternities need some such plan of social uplift. They have furnished fraternal insurance with profit to themselves and the people. They have built public halls and their annual conclaves are vast sources of entertainment and social contact. Why not now initiate a step forward and upward in a wide comprehensive program of building new modern homes and apartments? It will call for honesty, push and ability but it would open a magnificent prospect and lead our fraternal organizations away from the temptation to waste time in internal politics. One lodge of Odd Fellows in New York City is financing a hall and apartment in New York City; The Red Caps of Grand Central Station are maintaining a student at Howard.

THE FIRING LINE

IN the fight for human rights across the color bar where is the firing line? In the United States, in the West Indies, or in Africa?

Many sincere persons seem to think that this line is in Africa. This is not so. It may be so one hundred years from now but today Europe has so manipulated matters that the fight for rights in Africa is exceedingly difficult. The European countries with the army, the navy and the police in their hands; with their domination of the courts; with their ownership of capital and commerce and all lines of communication make any effort at uplift and reform a matter of disloyalty and rebellion which can bring summary punishment of the most violent sort. Free speech is impossible. There is no right to vote in the larger part of Africa. Consequently the fighting line in Africa reduces itself to appeals to far-off powers who may perhaps never hear the appealing voices. Or it is a matter of revolt with every chance in favor of the oppressor. No, the firing line today is not in Africa.

Is it in the West Indies? Again, no. In the West Indies we have an overwhelming majority of Negroes and a large number of Negro leaders of wealth and education, but the ownership of land and capital is predominantly in the hands of Europeans while the political power of the Negro is so small that the fight is unequal; and again, as in Africa, the West Indies are a long way from the centers of power in the world.

The real fighting line for the Negro, then, is in the United States. Here he faces his foe. Here he can use unmolested the modern weapons of writing, talking and voting. He can make the world listen because he is right in the world. With his millions of votes no presidential candidate, few congressmen and fewer senators dare altogether to ignore his demands. They may play upon his ignorance and prejudices but as he becomes intelligent, sincere and clear-headed his phalanx marches forward. America, then, is today the firing line of the Negro.

And now may Peace, Courage, Sacrifice and Confidence uplift and keep you in sweet Thanksgiving all this joyous Christmastide.

ON BEING YOUNG—A WOMAN—AND COLORED

MARITA O. BONNER

MARITA O. BONNER, winner of the first prize essay in our contest, was born and educated in Brookline, Massachusetts. In her junior year at Radcliffe she was admitted to the famous course in writing given by Professor Charles Townsend Copeland, a rare distinction since this course is limited to the sixteen best writers, graduates and undergraduates in each college year. One of her sketches, "Dandelion Season," was selected to be read annually to Radcliffe classes. She holds the degree of A.B. and is a teacher of English in the Armstrong High School of Washington, D. C.

MARITA O. BONNER

YOU start out after you have gone from kindergarten to sheepskin covered with sundry Latin phrases.

At least you know what you want life to give you. A career as fixed and as calmly brilliant as the North Star. The one real thing that money buys. Time. Time to do things. A house that can be as delectably out of order and as easily put in order as the doll-house of "playing-house" days. And of course, a husband you can look up to without looking down on yourself.

Somehow you feel like a kitten in a sunny catnip field that sees sleek, plump brown field mice and yellow baby chicks sitting coyly, side by side, under each leaf. A desire to dash three or four ways seizes you.

That's Youth.

But you know that things learned need testing—acid testing—to see if they are really after all, an interwoven part of you. All your life you have heard of the debt you owe "Your People" because you have managed to have the things they have not largely had.

So you find a spot where there are hordes of them—of course below the Line—to be your catnip field while you close your eyes to mice and chickens alike.

If you have never lived among your own, you feel prodigal. Some warm untouched current flows through them—through you—and drags you out into the deep waters of a new sea of human foibles and mannerisms; of a peculiar psychology and prejudices. And one day you find yourself entangled—enmeshed—pinioned in the seaweed of a Black Ghetto.

Not a Ghetto, placid like the Strasse that flows, outwardly unperturbed and calm in a stream of religious belief, but a peculiar group. Cut off, flung together, shoved aside in a bundle because of color and with no more in common.

Unless color is, after all, the real bond.

Milling around like live fish in a basket. Those at the bottom crushed into a sort of stupid apathy by the weight of those on top. Those on top leaping, leaping; leaping to scale the sides; to get out.

There are two "colored" movies, innumerable parties—and cards. Cards played so intensely that it fascinates and repulses at once.

Movies.

Movies worthy and worthless—but not even a low-caste spoken stage.

Parties, plentiful. Music and dancing and much that is wit and color and gaiety.

But they are like the richest chocolate; stuffed costly chocolates that make the taste go stale if you have too many of them. That make plain whole bread taste like ashes.

There are all the earmarks of a group within a group. Cut off all around from ingress from or egress to other groups. A sameness of type. The smug self-satisfaction of an inner measurement; a measurement by standards known within a limited group and not those of an unlimited, seeing, world. . . . Like the blind, blind mice. Mice whose eyes have been blinded.

Strange longing seizes hold of you. You wish yourself back where you can lay your dollar down and sit in a dollar seat to hear voices, strings, reeds that have lifted the World out, up, beyond things that have bodies and walls. Where you can marvel at new marbles and bronzes and flat colors that will make men forget that things exist in a flesh more often than in spirit. Where you can sink your body in a cushioned seat and sink your soul at the same time into a section of life set before you on the boards for a few hours.

You hear that up at New York this is to be seen; that, to be heard.

You decide the next train will take you there.

You decide the next second that that train will not take you, nor the next—nor the next for some time to come.

For you know that—being a woman—you cannot twice a month or twice a year, for that matter, break away to see or hear anything in a city that is supposed to see and hear too much.

That's being a woman. A woman of any color.

You decide that something is wrong with a world that stifles and chokes; that cuts off and stunts; hedging in, pressing down on eyes, ears and throat. Somehow all wrong.

You wonder how it happens there that—say five hundred miles from the Bay State—Anglo Saxon intelligence is so warped and stunted.

How judgment and discernment are bred out of the race. And what has become of discrimination? Discrimination of the right sort. Discrimination that the best minds have told you weighs shadows and nuances and spiritual differences before it catalogues. The kind they have taught you all of your life was best: that looks clearly past generalization and past appearance to dissect, to dig down to the real heart of matters. That casts aside rapid summary conclusions, drawn from primary inference, as Daniel did the spiced meats.

Why can't they then perceive that there is a difference in the glance from a pair of eyes that look, mildly docile, at "white ladies" and those that, impersonally and perceptively—aware of distinctions—see only women who happen to be white?

Why do they see a colored woman only as a gross collection of desires, all uncontrolled, reaching out for their Apollos and the Quasimodos with avid indiscrimination?

Why unless you talk in staccato squawks—brittle as sea-shells—unless you "champ" gum—unless you cover two yards square when you laugh—unless your taste runs to violent colors—impossible perfumes and more impossible clothes—are you a feminine Caliban craving to pass for Ariel?

An empty imitation of an empty invitation. A mime; a sham; a copy-cat. A hollow re-echo. A froth, a foam. A fleck of the ashes of superficiality?

Everything you touch or taste now is like the flesh of an unripe persimmon.

. . . Do you need to be told what that is being . . .?

Old ideas, old fundamentals seem worm-eaten, out-grown, worthless, bitter; fit for the scrap-heap of Wisdom.

What you had thought tangible and practical has turned out to be a collection of "blue-flower" theories.

If they have not discovered how to use their accumulation of facts, they are useless to you in Their world.

Every part of you becomes bitter.

But—"In Heaven's name, do not grow bitter. Be bigger than they are",—exhort white friends who have never had to draw breath in a Jim-Crow train. Who have never had petty putrid insult dragged over them—drawing blood—like pebbled sand on your body where the skin is tenderest. On your body where the skin is thinnest and tenderest.

You long to explode and hurt everything white; friendly; unfriendly. But you know

that you cannot live with a chip on your shoulder even if you can manage a smile around your eyes—without getting steely and brittle and losing the softness that makes you a woman.

For chips make you bend your body to balance them. And once you bend, you lose your poise, your balance, and the chip gets into you. The real you. You get hard.

. . . And many things in you can ossify . . .

And you know, being a woman, you have to go about it gently and quietly, to find out and to discover just what is wrong. Just what can be done.

You see clearly that they have acquired things.

Money; money. Money to build with, money to destroy. Money to swim in. Money to drown in. Money.

An ascendancy of wisdom. An incalculable hoard of wisdom in all fields, in all things collected from all quarters of humanity.

A stupendous mass of things.

Things.

So, too, the Greeks . . . Things.

And the Romans. . . .

And you wonder and wonder why they have not discovered how to handle deftly and skillfully, Wisdom, stored up for them—like the honey for the Gods on Olympus—since time unknown.

You wonder and you wonder until you wander out into Infinity, where—if it is to be found anywhere—Truth really exists.

The Greeks had possessions, culture. They were lost because they did not understand.

The Romans owned more than anyone else.Trampled under the heel of Vandals and Civilization, because they would not understand.

Greeks. Did not understand.

Romans. Would not understand.

"They." Will not understand.

So you find, they have shut Wisdom up and have forgotten to find the key that will let her out. They have trapped, trammeled, lashed her to themselves with thews and thongs and theories. They have ransacked sea and earth and air to bring every treasure to her. But she sulks and will not work for a world with a whitish hue because it has snubbed her twin sister, Understanding.

You see clearly—off there is Infinity—Understanding. Standing alone, waiting for someone to really want her.

But she is so far out there is no way to snatch at her and drag her in.

So—being a woman—you can wait.

You must sit quietly without a chip. Not sodden—and weighted as if your feet were cast in the iron of your soul. Not wasting strength in enervating gestures as if two hundred years of bonds and whips had really tricked you into nervous uncertainty.

But quiet; quiet. Like Buddha—who brown like I am—sat entirely at ease, entirely sure of himself; motionless and knowing, a thousand years before the white man knew there was so very much difference between feet and hands.

Motionless on the outside. But inside?

Silent.

Still . . . "Perhaps Buddha is a woman."

So you too. Still; quiet; with a smile, ever so slight, at the eyes so that Life will flow into and not by you. And you can gather, as it passes, the essences, the overtones, the tints, the shadows; draw understanding to your self.

And then you can, when Time is ripe, swoop to your feet—at your full height—at a single gesture.

Ready to go where?

Why . . . Wherever God motions.

CANTABILE

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

GREEN holly has a lovely leaf
To make the Christmas bright,
Green cedar gives a spicy smell
On Christmas eve at night.
Green candles wear a joyous look,
Each with its golden light.

Good holly, cedars,
Candles gay!
Come Christmas sprite!
Come Christmas fay!
You've never known a brighter day
For joining childhood in its play!

POEMS

LANGSTON HUGHES

LANGSTON HUGHES whose poems won third prize in the Spingarn Contest has spent his brief twenty-three years in travel. He was born in Missouri and received his secondary training in Kansas, Colorado, and Ohio. After high school days he taught English for fifteen months in Toluca, Mexico. New York and Columbia University saw him for a brief year, then there was a summer at a farm on Staten Island and thereafter eighteen months on ships which bore him to the west coast of Africa, the ports of northern Europe, Paris, Italy and the Mediterranean. Now he is in Washington reading the proof of his first book of poems which Knopf publishes in January.

CROSS

MY old man's a white old man
And my old mother's black.
If ever I cursed my white old man
I take my curses back.

If ever I cursed my black old mother
And wished she were in hell,
I'm sorry for that evil wish
And now I wish her well.

My old man died in a fine big house,
My ma died in a shack.
I wonder where I'm gonna die,
Being neither white nor black.

SUMMER NIGHT

THE sounds
Of the Harlem night
Drop one by one into stillness.
The last player-piano is closed.
The last victrola ceases with the
"Jazz Boy Blues."
The last crying baby sleeps.
And the night becomes
Still as a whispering heartbeat.
I toss
Without rest in the darkness,
Weary as the tired night.
My soul
Empty as the silence,
Empty with a vague,
Aching emptiness

LANGSTON HUGHES

Desiring,
Needing someone,
Something.

I toss without rest
In the darkness
Until the new dawn
Wan and pale,
Descends like a white mist
Into the court-yard.

MINSTREL MAN

BECAUSE my mouth
Is wide with laughter
And my throat
Is deep with song,
You do not think
I suffer after
I have held my pain
So long.

Because my mouth
Is wide with laughter
You do not hear

My inner cry.
Because my feet
Are gay with dancing
You do not know
I die.

DISILLUSION

I WOULD be simple again,
Simple and clean
Like the earth,
Like the rain.
Nor ever know,—
Dark Harlem,—
The wild laughter
Of your mirth,
Nor the salt tears
Of your pain.
Be kind to me,
Oh, great dark city,
Let me forget.
I will not come
To you again.

TO THE BLACK BELOVED

AH,
My black one,
Thou art not beautiful,
Yet thou hast
A loveliness
Surpassing beauty.

Oh,
My black one,
Thou art not good,
Yet thou hast
A purity
Surpassing goodness.

Ah,
My black one,
Thou art not luminous,
Yet an altar of jewels,
An altar of shimmering jewels,
Would pale in the light
Of thy darkness;
Pale in the light
Of thy nightness.

TO A NEGRO JAZZ BAND IN A PARISIAN CABARET

PLAY that thing,
Jazz band!
Play it for the lords and ladies,
For the dukes and counts,
For the whores and gigolos,
For the American millionaires
And the love-night painted faces
Of American millionaires,
And the school teachers out for a spree.
Play it!
Jazz band!
You know that tune
That laughs and cries at the same time.
You know it.

May I?
Mais oui,
Mein Gott!
Parace una rumba.
! Que rumba!
Play it, jazz band!
You've got seven languages to speak in
And then some.
Can I?
Sure.

KRIGWA 1926

THROUGH the kindness of Mrs. Amy B. Spingarn THE CRISIS is enabled to offer for a second year a series of prizes for writing and drawing.

TIME.—The manuscripts and drawings must be in THE CRISIS office on or before *May 1, 1926*. The names of the prize winners will be announced in the November number published *October 15, 1926*.

CONDITIONS.—These prizes are offered to persons of *Negro* descent in order to encourage their aptitude for art expression.

PRIZES FOR WRITING.—Prizes are offered for *fiction, plays, essays* and *verse* as follows: For *Fiction*—Prizes of $100, $50 and honorable mention. The stories should not exceed *8,000 words*. For *Plays*—Prizes of $100, $50 and honorable mention. For *Essays*—Prizes of $75, $25 and honorable mention. Essays should not exceed *5,000 words*. For *Verse*—Prizes of $75, $25 and honorable mention.

All of the manuscripts should be *typewritten* or legibly copied on one side of the

paper. The pages should be numbered and on the *top of the first page* in addition to the subject should appear the *pen name* under which the author is writing. The same name should appear on a *sealed envelope* accompanying the manuscript and in the sealed envelope should be the real name and address of the author. If the author insists upon the return of his manuscript then he must *also* inclose within the sealed envelope an envelope large enough to contain the manuscript, carefully addressed to himself and with sufficient first class postage pasted on this envelope. *We trust, however, that no one will ask for the return of his manuscript.* Always in sending away manuscripts it is best to keep a copy. Manuscripts are liable to loss in mails and the physical labor of returning them is too great for an ordinary office to undertake successfully.

All manuscripts will be *acknowledged by postal-card* when received and may be sent in any time after *October 1, 1925.* They must be plainly addressed to us as follows: *The Crisis Prize Contest, 1926,* care of *The Crisis Magazine, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City.*

All manuscripts must be original, never before published in any form and at the time of entering this contest they must not be in the hands of any other publisher. THE CRISIS will reserve to the author all rights of publication and reproduction in any way except the rights to first serial publication. THE CRISIS shall have the right to return or publish at its regular rates of compensation any of the manuscripts submitted.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Illustrations may be for covers of THE CRISIS or for decorations of THE CRISIS page, cartoons or general illustrations. The prizes will be $75, $25 and honorable mention. Especial care should be taken carefully to pack the illustrations so that they will not be broken or spoiled in transit. They should have *permamently attached or written* upon them the real name and address of the artist. *No pen name is necessary.* All drawings must be original, never before reproduced in any way and no copies of them must be in the hands of any other periodical at the time of submission to THE CRISIS. THE CRISIS will reserve to the artist all rights of reproduction except the rights to first serial publication in THE CRISIS. THE CRISIS shall have the right to return or publish at its regular rates any of the drawings submitted. *Send sufficient money to pay for the return of the drawings.*

During the years 1926 and 1927 THE CRISIS will publish the prize manuscripts and drawings and produce the plays.

Further announcements concerning the prizes will be made in successive numbers of THE CRISIS. All persons interested in any form of art expression are invited to enroll with *Krigwa.* Correspondence is invited.

National · Association · for · the ··· Advancement · of · Colored · People

THE BATTLES OF WASHINGTON AND DETROIT

SLOWLY yet inevitably there has risen the tide of segregation of Negroes all over the United States. When in 1917 the United States Supreme Court unanimously ruled that city ordinances forcing Negroes to live in restricted areas were unconstitutional, many of us believed that this issue had been settled for all time. But with the migration northward of Negroes during and immediately after the war, and particularly with the spread of the Ku Klux Klan through Northern states, there came into being offort after effort to gain the same end by private restrictive ordinances, or by mob action..

In the now famous case of *Curtis and Corrigan versus Bulkley* which at the time of writing, is just about to be heard in the United States Supreme Court, that court will pass upon the question as to whether

individual property owners shall have the right to covenant among themselves that property, even after it passes out of the hands of the original covenanters, shall not be sold to Negroes; and further, whether state and Federal courts can be called upon to enforce such private agreements.

The consequences of an adverse decision are evident. As is so ably pointed out in the brief prepared by the N. A. A. C. P. attorneys:

"But why need this discussion be limited to a covenant restricting the sale, conveyance, lease or gift of land to Negroes or to any persons or persons of the Negro race or blood? Following the precedent created by the decisions rendered in the Court below, similar covenants have made their appearance in various parts of the country restrictive of sales and leases of land not only to Negroes, but also to Jews. It will not take long before the prohibition will be extended to Catholics, and the entire Ku Klux Klan program of elimination might be made effective by means of restrictive covenants. By means of like covenants differences might be made between rich and poor, between members of different churches, between the adherents of different political parties, between the descendants of those of different origins, between native and naturalized citizens, between those who have come from the North and the South, the East and the West. It would lead to positive public misfortune and were our Courts to sanction such covenants it would give rise to untold evils.

"It is also significant that the covenant forbids the use or occupancy by or the sale, conveyance, lease, rental or gift to 'any person or persons of the Negro race or blood'. That would mean that a person who has flowing in his veins a single corpuscle of Negro blood would come within the prohibition of the covenant. It would have included Alexander Dumas, and thousands of men and women, one of whose remote ancestors, not only of an antecedent third or fourth generation, but of the tenth generation back, might have been a Negro. How is that damning taint to be ascertained? Who is to determine when Negro blood changes its color? Are the courts to make the microscopic and biological tests which will determine whether an intending purchaser or occupant of premises coming within the scope of this covenant is to be precluded from the ownership or occupancy of so sanctified a piece of land?"

It is because of these very obvious evil consequences that the N. A. A. C. P. has secured the very best attorneys in the United States to contest this case. The mere recital of their names is sufficient: Moorfield Storey of Boston, Louis Marshall of New York, James A. Cobb of Washington, Arthur B. Spingarn and Herbert K. Stockton of New York, William H. Lewis of Boston, Henry E. Davis and James P. Schick of Washington.

Just as the N. A. A. C. P. in the most important civil case handled by it during the year obtained the very best civil lawyers in the country, so in the most serious criminal case of the year it obtained one of the best criminal lawyers in the country. That lawyer is, of course, Clarence Darrow of Chicago, who has been retained to head the counsel defending Dr. O. H. Sweet, Mrs. Sweet, and nine other colored people charged with first degree murder because they repulsed a mob from Dr. Sweet's home in Detroit. The association of Mr. Darrow with this case electrified public opinion throughout the country. It was realized that with such a champion, the cause of Dr. Sweet and the ten other defendants would become a matter of national concern and that it would be difficult even for a jury in a Klan-ridden city to railroad these people to long prison terms with a farcical trial. Assisting Mr. Darrow, are Arthur Garfield Hayes of New York and Walter M. Nelson of Detroit, as well as Messrs. Perry, Rowlette and Mahoney, the Detroit attorneys associated with the case from the beginning.

Mr. Darrow announced that he was undertaking this case at a financial sacrifice. Although the fee of $5,000 to be paid him by the N. A. A. C. P., is a heavy burden for the Association, it represents only about a tenth of what Mr. Darrow would ordinarily charge. As Mr. Darrow announced when he consented to defend the Detroit colored people, he was doing so because he wanted them to have a square deal, or as he put it "a fair shake".

The N. A. A. C. P. concentrated its attention upon the Detroit case and undertook the heavy financial obligations it involved, because that case has become a dramatic focus of the segregation issue in the United States. If colored people could be convicted of murder for defending their own home from a riotous mob in a northern city, it was felt that no colored home anywhere in the United States would be safe from the attacks of self-appointed segregationists. Suppose, on the other hand,

N. A. A. C. P. PRIZE BABIES

Bernard Render, Jr.
Terre Haute, Ind.
3rd Prize

Harriet Hines
Champaign, Ill.
1st Prize

Howard Gray
Champaign, Ill.
2nd Prize

Ruth J. Anderson
Roanoke, Va.
1st Prize

Kelsy Cooper
Gary, W. Va.
2nd Prize

Flora Williams
Stockton, Calif.
1st Prize

Florence Erwin
Harrisburg, Pa.
2nd Prize

Agnes Taylor
Okmulgee, Okla.
1st Prize

Betty Holms
Springfield, Ill.
2nd Prize

Geraldine Walker
Gary, W. Va.
1st Prize

Edgar Curry, Jr.
Terre Haute, Ind.
2nd Prize

Helen Williams
Muskegon, Mich.
2nd Prize

Virgil Williams
Orange, N. J.
2nd Prize

Oweta Wilson
Okmulgee, Okla.
2nd Prize

C. Brooks Neal, Jr.
Roanoke, Va.
2nd Prize

Herman Mosby
Gloucester, Pa.
2nd Prize

the colored defendants were freed, that would be serving notice on potential mobbists everywhere that only at the peril of their lives could they attempt forcibly to oust peaceable and law-abiding colored citizens from their homes.

The Sweet case, therefore, is not merely a fight undertaken in behalf of eleven innocent colored people unjustly charged with murder. It is as well, the culminating incident in a series of Detroit outrages, which include the ousting of Dr. Turner from his home, the piling of his furniture on a van in the course of which many of his possessions were badly damaged and the driving of it all back to the house he had moved away from. The Detroit case, also is similar to other episodes, bombings, threats and attempted terrorization in such cities as Chicago, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Baltimore, which did not however result in death to any mobbist. That is the significance of the Detroit case. One person of the mob was killed and one was wounded. The mob received a decisive check. Will that check be sustained by the courts of law? That is what the N. A. A. C. P. is putting forth its entire power and energy to ascertain.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR DEFENSE

"FIFTY thousand dollars for defense" is the objective set by the N. A. A. C. P. in its nation-wide campaign against the menace of residential segregation of Negroes. On October 30th, the day that Clarence Darrow appeared in court in Detroit to defend Dr. O. H. Sweet and his co-defendants, the N. A. A. C. P. announced that a $50,000 Legal Defense Fund had been begun with an outright contribution of $5,000 from The American Fund for Public Service sometimes known as The Garland Fund. The Garland Fund in addition offered $15,000 provided that the Association would raise $30,000 to meet it thereby completing the $50,000 for legal defense. Although the expenses of the Detroit Case are heavy, not all of this fund is planned to be spent on Detroit. It is to be used as well in paying for the Washington Segregation Case and for the White Primary Case which is coming before the Supreme Court on appeal from Texas and which will challenge disfranchisement of colored voters in the South, and other cases affecting the Negro's citizenship rights that may arise. The appropriation and the offer of the Garland Fund constitute a challenge to every colored man and woman in America. The fight is on on many fronts. Eminent white lawyers such as Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall, not to speak of Arthur B. Spingarn, Herbert K. Stockton and colored atterneys like James A. Cobb, William H. Lewis and James P. Schick, are giving their services free to the N. A. A. C. P. cause which is the cause of all colored as well as of white Americans.

In the cases now confronting colored citizens, powerful agencies are on the firing line in behalf of the common citizenship rights of colored Americans. It remains to be seen whether colored people themselves throughout the country will realize the magnitude of this struggle and the importance of the issues. The National Office has received most encouraging results. A mass meeting held by the Washington Branch at which the Assistant Secretary and Samuel A. Browne who successfully resisted a mob on Staten Island, were the chief speakers, contributed a substantial sum toward legal defense. Other meetings held in various cities of the country as well as the gifts of numerous private individuals have begun to swell the Association's resources but the Association feels that in the present situation sporadic effort is not enough. We must within a limited time raise $30,000 in order to meet the offer made by the American Fund for Public Service, and thus secure a Defense Fund of $50,000. We therefore call upon our branches, the religious, fraternal and business organizations of the race and upon all individuals who value American citizenship to aid in passing the $30,000 mark. It is now or never. Negroes must unite and provide the N. A. A. C. P. with the necessary sinews of war. For those who need to be reminded again, checks should be sent to J. E. Spingarn, Treasurer of the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THE WHITE PRIMARY FIGHT

ONE of the most favored means of southern whites for disfranchisement of colored citizens in defiance of the United States Constitution is the so-called White Primary Law. In Southern states where the Democratic Party dominates, designation of a candidate in the primary election virtually means election to office. Therefore, to bar anyone from voting in the primary election is in effect a nullification of the right to vote for candidates for office. This so-called white primary system is in vogue throughout the South and effectually deprives most Negroes of the ballot. One colored man, Dr. A. L. Nixon, challenged this white primary. It happened that he was a Democrat and when he attempted to vote in the regular primaries of his State, the Texas statute was invoked against him and he was denied the right to vote. That Texas statute passed in 1923 reads as follows:

"Any qualified voter under the laws and constitution of the State of Texas, who is a bona fide member of the Democratic party, shall be eligible to participate in any Democratic primary election, provided that such voter complies with all laws and rules governing party primary elections; however in no event shall a Negro be eligible to participate in a Democratic party primary election held in the State of Texas and should a Negro vote in a Democratic primary election, such ballot shall be void and election officials are herein directed to throw out such ballot and not count the same."

Dr. Nixon, backed up by the local N. A. A. C. P., took his case to the courts. On appeal, the case has gone from State to Federal Courts and during October the N. A. A. C. P. received a telegram from Mr. Fred C. Knollenberg, an attorney of El Paso, saying that the case had been docketed in the United States Supreme Court under the title of "Nixon vs. Herndon" and would be argued there.

The N. A. A. C. P. intends to make this case the third in its trio of citizenship rights cases, the first two being the Sweet Case in Detroit and the Segregation Case in Washington. The N. A. A. C. P. feels that the white primary is now the corner stone of Negro disfranchisement in the Southern states and that if this Texas statute is held unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court, that will be a serious blow to the present control of votes by the white oligarchy dominating Southern politics and Southern life.

The N. A. A. C. P. has for years been thinking about and dealing with this matter of disfranchisement. It participated through Mr. Moorfield Storey in the case before the Supreme Court in which the so-called Grandfather Clause was held unconstitutional. In 1920, the N. A. A. C. P. collected statistics and facts about the election showing the terrorization of Negroes and published its findings in a pamphlet entitled "Disfranchisement of Colored Americans in the Presidential Election of 1920", which Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts declared to be a permanent contribution to the subject. The N. A. A. C. P. feels that the Negro must gain his right to vote in the South; that this is a primary step in achieving tolerable conditions in sections where the Negro is now deprived of any or all of his rights as a citizen and as a human being at the will of dominant whites.

ANNUAL MEETING

THE Annual Meeting of the N. A. A. C. P. will be held on Monday, January 4, 1926, at 2:00 P. M., at the offices of the Association, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York City. This business meeting will be preceded by a mass meeting on Sunday, January 3, at the Renassance Casino, 138th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York.

At the business meeting on January 4 the annual reports of the Secretary, the Director of Publications and Research, the Director of Branches and the Treasurer will be read and voted upon. At the same time thirteen members of the National Board of Directors will be elected. The following persons have been nominated:

Jane Addams	Chicago, Ill.
Dr. Charles E. Bentley	Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Hutchens C. Bishop	New York, N. Y.
Hon. Arthur Capper	Topeka, Kans.
Robert R. Church	Memphis. Tenn.
Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois	New York, N. Y.
Florence Kelley	New York, N. Y.
Mary White Ovington	New York, N. Y.
John E. Nail Jr.	New York, N. Y.
Charles Edward Russell	Wash., D. C.
Herbert K. Stockton	New York, N. Y.
Maggie L. Walker	Richmond, Va.

"THERE NEVER FELL A NIGHT SO DARK"

MARY LOUISE FRENCH

THIS second prize story in our contest is the work of Mary Louise French of Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she was born and educated. Subsequently she completed a musical course at Oberlin. Recently she composed and produced a play of living pictures, oriental dances and vaudeville.

MRS. M. L. FRENCH

DUSK was falling, slowly hovering over earth, as a veil being gently dropped. Birds twittered. A soft wind stirred—night would soon be here with its millions of stars. Night—brooding and sweet.

He wondered how long she would sit there. He looked at his watch—three hours—and more, perhaps. But he had watched her for three hours and still she sat. She was well dressed. He could not see her face, but he knew that she was not very young or very old—there was an air of desolation around her—he dared not leave her alone. He was afraid. Years ago, he had waited—in this same park—motionless—waited for night. He felt responsible for this woman—sitting there—at the edge of things waiting for the night to help her on across. He knew; Life could treat one badly, make one long for the eternal darkness and yet, if one could smile, one could endure. Well, he would stay on a while longer, and if she continued sitting there so still, so very still, he would approach her—even if she misunderstood.

He had taken her in for three hours, at least her clothes. Dark clothes. Her dress was blue and soft and dark. He liked dark blue—always made him think of "sensible" and "independent". Well dressed but so still, so statue like. Dusk had turned into darkness, night had stolen upon them.

He would have to say something to her, to break that desolate spell around her. He approached her quickly, so tall and self-assured, so used to living to the edge of loneliness and misery.

When he stood before her he was unprepared for what he had thought would never happen. In the darkness the dim outline of her face was beautiful but her eyes were cold, lifeless and black like black marble.

She scanned his face—and met eyes that were eternally young. A smile—pleading and irresistible. There was something vaguely familiar about this man—and yet,—he drew a breath and seemed to steady himself. He sensed her torture. It was going to be harder than he had thought it would be. He was disconcerted to realize how unemotional she was. Surely, ah, surely she could not miss the beauty of the night. The night with its vast stillness and stars and somewhere a pale moon hanging low.

It was hard to meet the misery in her eyes. She spoke unemotionally, dully.

"Do you believe in God?" she asked slowly. And on hearing her voice his heart almost stifled him.

"How can you doubt? You can't look at that moon and the stars and doubt. Is it as bad as that, my friend?" He answered and took a place beside her.

After all nothing mattered to her. She

was at the end. Let him sit, let him talk. It would make her last night shorter, make the hours pass more quickly.

"Tell me about it, won't you?" he asked patiently. He knew. He had watched the night come on—years ago—alone.

Strange—she felt no fear of this tall man beside her and there was something about him, something indescribable, something that made her want to sob and sob her heartbreak aloud. His smile perhaps reminded her so vividly of some one; his voice was an echo of some one's she had heard dimly, an echo of the past.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "Life is beautiful, beauty all around us; but I can't believe that there is a Just God. If there is, why does He make us suffer like this?" She was decidedly intense, and he felt that there was depth to her sorrow.

"Like this?" he asked, staring at the woman beside him. "Whatever it is, don't lose faith in yourself. Life without faith is indeed deplorable. One needs faith to live, you know." His voice went on: "When sorrow touches us the first thing that we are so willing to believe is that there is no God, or that He is angry and will not help—"

"But," she interrupted quickly, "suppose there were reasons that He should be angry, and suppose that His punishment was too severe, and suppose that one tried hard to make up for wickedness and finally found that it was useless—absolutely. What then?"

"You have lost your faith in yourself and life gets you on all sides. Unless," he paused for a second, "unless you smile, endure and go on and on. That's Life, you know."

"But I can't go on, I can't!" she said emphatically, in a low voice. Her lips trembled and he wished that she would cry, instead of fighting the sobs back.

"You have lost some one, I know," he said quietly. He knew.

She nodded. "And I cannot bear it; you don't know, unless you have lost all your own too. This loneliness is unbearable and there is nothing—nothing—to go on for."

"I understand," he said soothingly. "I have seen and felt frightful things too."

"But your God took them! I know one has to pay. I deserved some punishment but not this—not this!"

He lighted a cigarette; somehow he wanted desperately to help her, perhaps because he had known loneliness; perhaps because her voice did not seem strange. "You are pent up; tell me about yourself; it will help you to talk."

She did, she told him of the years of struggle, of work everlasting—no end; of the man that deserted her with two children, a boy and a girl; of the eternal grind to give them a good education. And after all those years of work and sacrifice the war claimed her boy—so splendid.

"And when the war took my boy, although something went out of me, out of my life, I kept my courage. That sorrow was made beautiful because of the way he went. Brave! He went west smiling. My sorrow was made glorious! And then, and then there was my girl; young, wonderfully sweet to me, happy. How she could sing—so young, so unafraid; ready to meet life—and I lost her! How," she said, "can you tell me that God is somewhere?"

Silence, nothing but the wind softly blowing through the trees. Lights were dotting the darkness of the city.

"Just as you see me now I went to her. She was at school, nearly finished. They told me that she could not live and I left to go to her. All the way on that hot train I prayed, I pleaded with God to let me see her alive; I promised I would dedicate my life to Him if I could just see her alive. Torture! Endless hours of riding—ah!—Merciful God!—If you have to take her only let her know that I am with her; let her eyes look into mine and let me know! He didn't hear. I was too late; she had gone; only a little while—such a short time—before I arrived. I was alone, utterly alone. Why, can you tell me, did He do that? Why could she not live a few hours longer? Tell me that, if you can!" She sobbed. At last she sobbed.

She thanked him inwardly for his silence. But he was thinking. "Of course," he thought to himself, "she cannot understand why, since this girl of her heart had to be taken, why she could not have been spared a while longer. That is where the real hurt is; the one is deeper than the other. Funny we can never remember that time has not the slightest regard for one individual and Death not one favorite."

"After all," he said quietly, "there are so many things worse than death, so many sorrows deeper than yours, my friend." Silence. He did not expect a reply so he continued, looking far out into the darkness. "You have lost courage. Sure, Life has treated you badly and it'll get you if you don't buck up, smile and endure." She opened her lips and was going to speak, but his voice went on.

"I once knew a man. His name was Jim, steady, slow moving, decent. Married a girl, the only girl he ever loved. To him there never could be any one like Sue. They were happy for a while. She soon tired of the monotony. The town was small. The work was hard. Days of loneliness, drab days of drudgery, and the inevitable happened. There was a man that had always wanted Sue. Fool that Jim was, he gave her the divorce because he wanted her happiness. Providing that she would never interfere with the children; he thought that he would touch her motherhood, but—she failed him. She left him and the kids, and went her way. He was sure that he could not endure days alone. Days with his kids wanting their mother, But—he did; he had to—for them, you know. He suffered. But the years passed on, as they do. Jim worked hard. He was proud of the boy; real pals, he and that boy of his. And the girl, his heart. Friends all of them and that is something, to be friends with one's children. But Jim's boy is in prison; innocent—consider that—innocent!"

The woman trembled. But she was silent. "Jim's boy worked for a rich man that had a good-for-nothing son, always in some kind of a jam. He gambled and lost. Was heavily in debt. And his father refused to help him longer. So his son came home one night to take what he claimed would be his own some day. They quarreled; Jim's boy heard and came to see what it was all about. Just in time to see the old man fall—and foolishly in his horror over what had happened, he picked up the smoking revolver and paid—and pays—for a crime that he did not commit.

"Jim was like a man fallen in a puddle. He knew not what to do. He couldn't eat; he couldn't sleep; he could do nothing but curse an unjust God. His boy—innocent—in prison—not for a day—not for a month —but for life. God!"

The woman's low sobs had ceased; she drew her breath in shortly, but could say nothing. She was still, too still, like the night.

He went on in the same low voice. "Jim, of course, was unable to comprehend how such injustice could be meted out and he thought that he could not go on after that. But he did. Much worse that than the kindness of a death—a glorious death—is it not?" He turned to the silent figure beside him. "And the girl?" she asked, wiping her eyes.

"Ah! I am coming to her," he said. "The girl, as I told you, was sent to a good school and she came home, one day, unexpectedly. It was not long before he knew why. Insupportable calamity! Tragedy beyond realization! His boy, and now this—this——." The man bowed his head in his hands for a fleeting second and it seemed to the woman, so very still beside him, that she could see a garden and a Man of Sorrows long ago. But his voice went on doggedly.

"When her time was upon her one night, it was Jim that went down into some place of pain, some horrible place of darkness with his little one. She was so young, so frail to suffer so much. And it was then that he bargained with God, as you did. He must have been heard—because when the dawn came Jim's girl went, smiling and unafraid, taking back to Him the cause of all her suffering. And," he turned to the woman quickly, "your girl went without pain, didn't she?" he asked, a bit savagely she thought.

"Yes," she answered softly, "she went like a flower in the evening time. But Jim, what happened to him?" Her eyes were tear-dimmed.

"Jim," he said, clearing his throat. "Jim of course knew that God was a Myth. Nothing mattered. Life was at its lowest ebb and dark as dark could be. He decided that the quickest way out of the darkness would be the happiest. So he sat, one day, and watched for the sunset, and after the night came he knew what he was to do. It was winter and it was cold and Jim was sick, body and soul, so he turned to his little room which was almost as cold as the night itself. Turned on the gas as he hovered between this world and some place of

space, he was revealed to himself, he saw things he had never thought about. Darkness, one step on over, and he would be lost. And as he was wondering about the sweet coolness of that darkness, he seemed to hear some one say, 'How about that boy of yours that you are leaving, the years ahead of him with no one to care, no one to keep him smiling and help him through? Coward! Fight to get back!' And Jim tried as hard as he could to get back. He did not want to leave that boy of his alone, he wanted to help him live through the years that might be ahead, endless years of hopelessness. But try as he would, he was slowly being drawn on over—the blackness would soon envelop him. Only a miracle could save him. Oh, if God would only let him go back, and lo, when he raised his voice and cried aloud, 'Merciful God, let me go back. not for my wicked soul's sake but for the others that need me', the miracle happened. Slowly he came back, with his landlady and a doctor over him. The cold night wind that reached him through the small window was sweet and he knew that he had been very close to the easiest way out; had been on a precipice with just a step between himself and the twilight. But he did not forget why he had been permitted to come back and he has been merciful too. A restlessness drives him at times and it is then that he finds peace, only by searching for someone that finds loneliness unbearable. And so," he said, turning quietly to the woman, "Jim learned."

"But the boy?" she interrupted huskily. He could feel her fingers gripping his arm.

"Has reason to hope for freedom soon. But Jim has been able to help him endure these horrible years unto the end."

She gave him her hands and in the darkness he could read the pleading in her eyes. "Could you forgive me, Jim dear, could you?"

Taking off her hat he searched her face. Her voice he had known, but so long ago, so many years. How could it be possible? And yet it was. In his heart, he had known, from the beginning.

"My dear, need you ask?" He answered folding her hands in his own.

She was no longer unemotional and dead; her eyes were no longer eyes of black marble. She was thrillingly alive.

"Jim," she said, "I have paid; teach me to smile and to endure. I have lost him and his children—yours and you; I know the thing that I did—to leave like that—is an injury irreparable; but my punishment for being wicked is more than I can bear. The days are so long and the nights—the nights—"

" 'There never fell a night so dark that it could put out the stars,' " he quoted. "And Life is big; but Love is great, and greater."

There were tears in her eyes of black, but as they stood together and he looked deep into them, to him they were sweet and there was something deeper than understanding, something indescribable in his slow smile, as he said: "Life gets you on all sides—if you lose courage; so smile, dear; there is so much for us to do—together."

Triumphantly they passed into the night.

The Horizon

"HOLY CHRISTMAS-TIDE"
Catholic Children at St. Benedict's, Milwaukee

¶ School children at May's Landing, N. J., have seen demonstrated the extraordinary possibilities of casting bread upon the waters. For years they have been the mainstay of a small candy business conducted by John W. Underhill, an aged Negro living in a two-room shack. Now he is dead but his money goes to the local school board with the instruction that it is to be so spent that "the children may enjoy the fruits of my years of labor." His gift of $100,000 is to be put into the construction of a gymnasium.

¶ The Washington colored schools are to be congratulated on the acquisition of Nathaniel R. Dett as head of their Department of Music. Mr. Dett who for years has been connected with Hampton is famous both as director and composer and has recently been made president of the National Association of Negro Musicians.

¶ In asking Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune to speak before its student body, Vassar College honored not only the speaker but itself. The famous educator discussed the struggles and aspirations of colored American women.

¶ In Philadelphia colored druggists have organized the Philadelphia Coöperative Retail Druggists' Corporation including fourteen stores. The officers are Dr. M. B. Dabney, president and organizer; Dr. E. Howell, vice-president; Dr. J. C. Alexander, Business Manager and Treasurer; Dr. G. Linsay, Secretary; Dr. Ramsey, Corresponding Secretary.

¶ Benglia, famous Senegalese actor, who played the part of the Emperor Jones in the French version of McNeill's play is now starring in Paris in the world-renowned *Folies Bergères*. Although known on this

side of the water for his ability to interpret tragic rôles he is often styled in Paris "the king of comedians".

¶ The Howard High School of Wilmington, Del., has received a gift of five hundred volumes representing the largest donation ever tendered to this institution. The donor of this library is Dr. Henry Stevens, a colored native of Virginia, and a graduate of Bennett College in North Carolina and of the Howard University Medical School. He has also pursued graduate work at the Polyclinic Hospital which is now part of the University of Pennsylvania. Since the appointment of Dr. Stevens to the Wilmington Board of Education he has created and filled the positions of Physical Director, School Nurse and Attendance Officer.

¶ The city of Cleveland, Ohio, boasts a Phillis Wheatley Association similar to such institutions as the Y. W. C. A. Its founder and general secretary, Miss Jane Edna Hunter, recently promoted a building campaign for a new and larger establishment; as a result of this in a single year, six hundred and forty-nine thousand dollars were raised in cash and subscriptions. For this remarkable piece of work and for other civic activities Miss Hunter received many recommendations from her fellow citizens for the 1925 Spingarn medal.

¶ The colored people of St. Paul, Minnesota, have lost a staunch white friend through the death of Judge John W. Willis, president of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. In addition to his philanthropic and his law activities the Judge was a prolific writer in his own field, contributing to many periodicals. He was a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and the Knights of Columbus.

¶ McGill University of Montreal, Canada, numbers among its graduate students Professor Philippe Boden, head of the French Department of Johnson C. Smith University. His thesis, on which he is now engaged, deals with "The Social and Intellectual Life of the Negro in North Carolina". Professor Boden, who holds a Baccalauréat ès Lettres and has done post-graduate work at the Sorbonne, has been classed as the best writer of French in his department at McGill. Some of his work has been read there in public.

¶ One of the thirty successful candidates out of three hundred competing for a Juilliard Fellowship in music is Miss Cornelia Lampton, daughter of the late Bishop Lampton. This young lady was a student of Roy Wilfred Tibbs of Howard University and was the first pupil to receive a degree from that conservatory. Since then she has studied at Oberlin and under such instructors as Percy Grainger, Lee Pattison and Glenn Dillard Gunn.

¶ The Pullman Company has paid a signal honor to the memory of Oscar J. Daniels, the Pullman porter whose bravery was so outstanding in the Rockport wreck on the Lackawanna Railroad last June. The ruined sleeping car, "Sirocco", on its return from the repair shop will bear the name "Daniels". In announcing its tribute to the dead hero the company publishes this citation:

> At the time of the wreck Daniels was seated in the forward end of the first Pullman, which left the rails, halting near the locomotive, from which dense clouds of steam poured in through a door. Daniels braved the steam to close the door. He succeeded but fell mortally injured. He still was alive when rescuers entered the car, but after being taken outside he refused first aid, saying, "Attend to that little girl first." The doctors obeyed and when they returned they found Daniels dead.

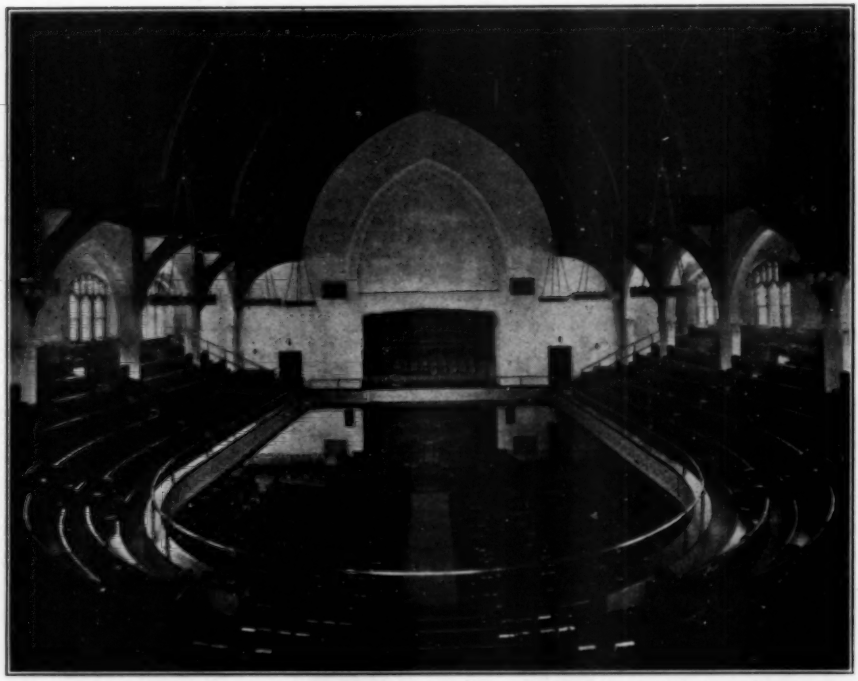
¶ The ownership of a barber shop at the age of seventeen was one of the outstanding accomplishments of the late Dr. Edward N. Perkins of Indianapolis, Indiana. He was born and reared on a farm but at an early age became interested in business and owned and operated barber shops in various localities. In 1903 his interest switched to chiropody and he continued to operate several leading establishments with marked success until his death. In civic and social affairs he was especially capable, distinguishing himself particularly in Y. M. C. A. and church work. He died at the age of 52, leaving a widow and daughter.

¶ Charles L. Oswell, a substitute half-back of the Boston University football team, was barred from the main dining room of the Boston Athletic Association because of color. A seat was offered him in a private dining room but this he indignantly refused. The incident has caused a great stir in Boston athletic and club circles. Not only were his college-mates greatly in-

Philippe Boden
Cornella Lampton
Henry R. Wilson

Oscar J. Daniels
Judge J. W. Willis
Henry Clay Stevens

Charles L. Oswell
Jane E. Hunter
E. J. Perkins



THE AUDITORIUM OF THE NEW "MOTHER" A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, N. Y.

censed at the cruel and needless slight but prominent clubs and organizations have filed protests. The Somerset, Algonquin, University and Boston Art Clubs have gone on record to the effect that no discrimination would be shown in their portals to guests on account of color.

¶ Many of us have forgotten the persistent propaganda that went on in the city of Chicago in 1922 to drive the colored employees out of the Post Office. There were at the time 1400 colored clerks in the Post Office and certain efficiency engineers recommended the dismissal of some or all of them. The colored employees and their friends made a spirited defense and particularly they pointed out the fact that since there were no colored supervisors the clerks often received deliberately lower ratings. Finally the controversy died down but the aftermath came this year when a half dozen colored supervisors were appointed. Among them was Henry R. Wilson. He was born in New Orleans, educated at Leland and Howard and has been a member of the postal service since 1899. He was made a supervisor July 21, 1925. He has four children, one a clerk in the Post Office, two in college and one in law school.

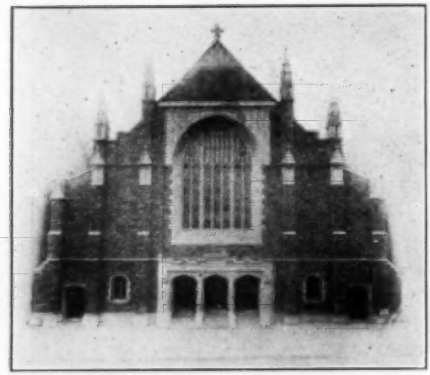
¶ The New Mother A. M. E. Zion Church of West 137th Street, N. Y., has been formally opened with dedicatory services which lasted a month. The Rev. James Walter Brown is the minister in charge.

¶ Cortez W. Peters, holder of the Underwood diamond medal shattered his own record for high typewriting speed recently at the exhibition held at the Lincoln Theatre, Washington, D. C. His speed was 165 words a minute. Mr. Peters hopes in the near future to enter the Madison Square Garden contests.

¶ The fifth annual Cheyney Day has been celebrated with appropriate exercises at Cheyney Training School, Cheyney, Pa. There were three sessions. Among the participants in the program were Dr. Francis B. H. Haas, State Superintendent of Education, Marion Anderson and Carl Diton.

"GIRLS' COTTAGE", COLORED ORPHAN HOME, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

Photo by J. C. Patton.



MOTHER ZION, NEW YORK

Laura Wheeler, who has just returned from a year's sojourn in Paris held an exhibition of original paintings.

¶ Residence in the regular student dormitory of the University of Michigan was denied Marjorie Franklin, a colored student nurse. The case was taken up by the local N. A. A. C. P. and through the action of Oscar Baker, attorney, was laid before the Board of Regents. Miss Franklin was admitted and writes: "so far affairs have gone very smoothly."

¶ Nearly two years ago Evelyn Preer appeared for a brief sojourn on Broadway. Then she drifted away but friends and admirers predicted her return. Now David Belasco has engaged her for a rôle which will also require several white artists. Rehearsals will begin in December. Edward Thompson, her husband, will also appear in the cast.

¶ Julius Bledsoe has appeared in recital at Town Hall, New York. His program, which he interpreted with marked artistic effect, consisted of songs rendered in English, Spanish, French, German, Italian and Russian.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Isbell of Columbus, Ohio, have celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary, at an informal reception at which two hundred of their friends and relatives were present. Forty of their fifty years they have spent in their present home in Columbus and Mr. Isbell still plies his trade as carpenter. They have been the parents of twelve children, of whom three survive, and they are the grandparents of seven.

¶ "Little Farina" star of "Our Gang" comedies has been placed on the bill at Keith-Albee's Palace and Hippodrome, New York. The film is entitled "Stay In Your Own Backyard". It is not generally known that the little star, whose home name is Allen Clay Hoskins, is really a boy.

¶ Honors are still crowding on youthful Countée P. Cullen whose book "Color" has just been issued by Harper and Brothers. Mr. Cullen who is now at Harvard University has been awarded the John Reed Memorial poetry prize.

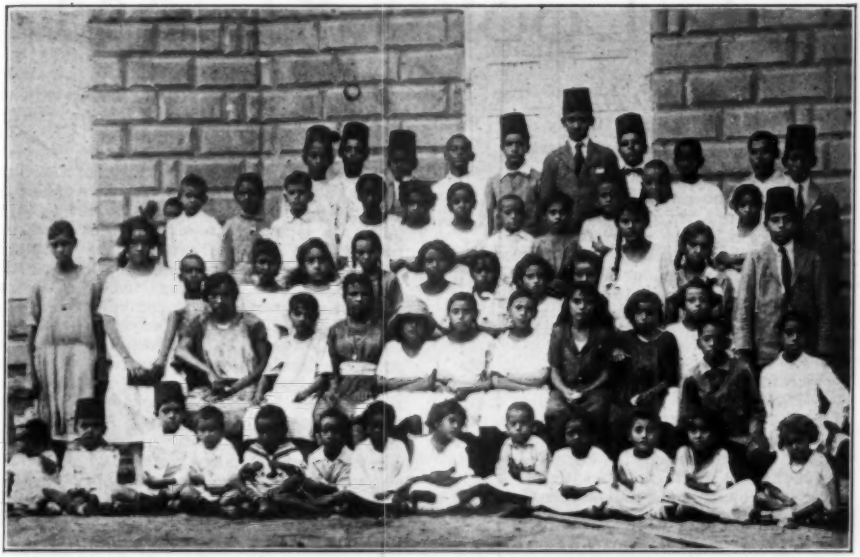
¶ William H. Carter once Cost Accountant of Tuskegee has been elected treasurer of the Institute succeeding Warren Logan who recently retired.

¶ Metz T. P. Lochard, formerly assistant professor of French at Howard University has received an appointment as substitute teacher in the colored high schools of Washington, D. C.

¶ Under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church a school for the training of women for religious and social work has been opened at Raleigh, N. C. The curriculum will cover two years with special emphasis on religious work, case work, community organization, recreation, club work, hygiene and sociology. The charges are $175 a year for board, tuition, books and uniform.

¶ The Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Board of Education has changed the name of the Lincoln Colored High School to that of the

MR. AND MRS. T. E. ISBELL



A GROUP OF SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN COMPOSED OF EGYPTIANS, ABYSSINIANS AND SOUTH AMERICANS OF THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, KHARTOUM, SUDAN, AFRICA

John S. Cobb School, thus honoring its late principal who served for thirty-eight years. His son Robert S. Cobb, Secretary of the Missouri Negro Industrial Commission, has been invited to deliver an address at the coming dedicatory exercises.

¶ Mrs. Susan B. Evans, once president of the Minnesota Federation of Colored Women's Council, is dead. Formerly she was secretary of the Duluth branch of the N. A. A. C. P. and state representative appointed by the Republican party for colored women during the last presidential campaign.

¶ When mob violence was threatened to two Negroes who had killed some white men in a controversy held near Marshall, Texas, plucky Sheriff John C. Sanders dispersed all but thirteen members. The thirteen persisted and the sheriff locked them all up.

¶ Fort Valley High and Industrial School of Fort Valley, Georgia, has received a valuable addition in the shape of a two story brick structure, the gift of Mrs. Royal C. Peabody for whom the building is named, and of her son Charles S. Peabody. It was erected by student labor at a cost of $25,000 and will be used for the teaching of carpentry, bricklaying, plastering, painting, shoemaking, blacksmithing, auto repairing and other trades.

¶ Through a grant from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial a Bureau of International Research has been established at Harvard and Radcliffe, the fund to be used for five years to develop research of an international and advanced character. Among the subjects to be considered is "the native African under self-government, colonial administration and mandates".

¶ Colored physicians of Harlem have purchased buildings worth $50,000 known as the Brunor Sanitarium. These are to be operated conjointly along with the Booker T. Washington Sanitarium.

¶ The Pullman porters have organized locals 1 and 2 of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in Harlem. The membership already consists of 200 and it is hoped that 1800 more will be enrolled in the vicinity and 12,000 throughout the country. The principal demands of the men include a 50 per cent increase in pay based on 240 hours of regular work per month, pay for overtime and for making the cars ready for occupancy. The minimum salary is now only $67.50 per month and the maximum less than $90.00.

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

"THE NEGRO SOUL" by Guy Fitch Phelps in the *Southwestern Christian Advocate:*

I lie upon no natal breast,
  I have not yet been born;
I struggle in the womb of time
  Full length, unshaped, forlorn.
Strike not my laboring mother down
  E'er I shall come to birth,
To gather in my share of stars,
  And claim my part of earth.

. . . . .

Within the common human sum
  My destiny is cast,
And Adam knows me for his son,
The first one and the Last.
And oh, I have a gift to give
  When I shall come to birth,
A soul, a vision, and a heart,—
  Accept them, oh, my earth!

* * *

We have received "Principes d'Education Nationale" by Dr. François Dalencour. It is a volume of 151 pages, printed in French by the author at Port-au-Prince.

* * *

General Gouraud, Military Governor of Paris and member of the General Staff, writes June 17 to Martha Gruening:

Je n'ai pas lu les Mémoires de Guerre du Général Bullard. Je ne doute pas qu'ils ne soient fort intéressants.

En ce qui concerne les troupes noires Américaines, il ne m'appartient pas de prendre parti dans la discussion. Tout ce que je puis vous dire, c'est que le 369e Noir Américain sous le Commandement du colonel Hayward, s'est trés bien conduit à la bataille du 26 Septembre, notamment à la prise du village de Séchault.

BROTHERS AND KEEPERS

A WISE word on Christianity and Labor comes from Dr. Norman Leys in the *Brotherhood World:*

The work of the Church in Asia and Africa is difficult. The Europeans who are in political or financial control of these countries do not see disguised blood relations in Chinese, or Indian, or African labourers. They regard themselves as inherently their superiors and so cannot even conceive of a time when both will behave like members of one family. This belief in the superiority of their own race is the decisive fact in the lives of those they govern. Hence it is impossible for the Church in these countries to practice fraternity. The owner of thousands of acres in Kenya, for example, cannot, however sincerely he may desire to be a Christian, treat his labourers, paid twelve shillings a month, as the New Testament teaches. It is a mere hypocritical pretense to deny, not only that social, political and industrial arrangements which individuals are powerless to change make the practice of New Testament Christianity impossible, but that the people who have created these arrangements prove thereby that they regard the ideal of the New Testament to be a false one. For these arrangements compel both Europeans and Africans in Kenya to behave in certain ways. The Europeans in that country decide how the natives shall employ themselves. They have bestowed the best of the land on themselves and have made it impossible for any African individual or tribe to own an acre of land. They themselves have votes and Africans, of whatever character and ability, have none. They have a law under which it is a criminal offense for an African to engage in any business away from home except working for wages. All these arrangements taken together decide how Europeans and Africans in Kenya must behave to one another. They express the real religion of the Europeans of Kenya, reveal what they really think and feel. These thoughts and feelings are not what those members of a family who have had great advantages think and feel about other members of the family who have had no such advantages. Brotherhood may be preached from pulpits in Kenya, though in actual fact it is not. It cannot be practiced, except partially by the more saintly kind of missionary, so long as these other influences determine men's lives.

Individual missionaries are powerless to change these arrangements, designed as they are for the profit of those who have gained control over the country. Corporate action by the missionaries, on the other hand, would have great result in Britain and America. Unhappily missionaries in positions of importance too often are afraid to do anything that would endanger the influence they have, or fancy they have, over their fellow countrymen. Some of them behave exactly as did the bishops a hundred years ago, who during the long fight against slavery always voted in the House of Lords in support of it. And many prominent Nonconformists, like John Newton, the writer of hymns, not only defended slavery, but owned slaves themselves.

* * *

Is not the failure of the stronger brother to "keep" his weaker brother *the* sin against the Holy Ghost? Dr. Leys asks gravely:

The modern Lazarus no longer sits at Dives' gate. Dives now lives in the suburbs

or in the Riviera. But the Lazarus of the city slum and his brother in the eastern plantation still live on Dives' crumbs. The essential relation between them is the same. For the Dives in the story in Luke is not described as being what we should call a bad man. The sole offense that sent him to Hell was that he took advantage of the privileges his wealth offered him and spent in luxuries on himself what might have been spent in meeting the necessities of others; that, in a word, he took from the world more than he gave it.

* * *

Miss Eleanor MacNeil, writing in the magazine of the national Y. W. C. A. of China, says:

Once upon a time Empire meant Mr. Kipling and the White Man's Burden. It meant vague and glamorous pictures of tall, white-clad fair men with clear blue eyes moving majestically among inferior but grateful natives, dispensing justice, kindly and firm. . . .

But somehow after coming out East Mr. Kipling seemed not quite adequate to the situation; bit by bit one peeled off assumptions as values changed with the angle of vision. The point of view of the underdog was gradually forced upon one; doing things for people for their good, willy nilly, ceased to be the highest form of serving them. . . .

Odds and ends of impressions drift through the mind. Harbors full of warships and gunboats, gray and threatening. A half-baked, pink-faced youth kicking a ricksha coolie. A foreign woman in a street car saying to a decent Chinese woman who pressed against her, "Don't touch me, *dog*." An official in a passport office keeping two Indian ladies standing for half an hour while he shot questions at them in a discourteous voice. Meeting a Chinese friend on the street with her eyes full of tears; a foreign man had insulted her in a shop. A stout and comfortable gentleman in snug dress-cothes saying, "The only thing the East understands is force"—the East, the home of hospitality and religion!

A missionary saying, "You must not be intimate with the Chinese; they do not understand it". The tone in which many "nice" women spoke to their servants. A hotel on the Peak in Hongkong which refused to allow a party of four Indian students travelling from Peking to eat in the public dining room, and the sharing of their meal in the servants' room. A Negro gentleman who said simply, "The hospitality I have received in people's houses here has meant so much to me. When I get home I can only go to the back door". A church committee meeting in the room next to mine, where three foreigners talked for two hours on what the church in Korea needed in the way of literature, and the one Korean present said not one word, nor was his opinion asked.

THE BETTER SOUTH

THE SOUTH has recently been impressed by certain Negro meetings in their midst. The *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore for instance, says of the Baptist Convention in Baltimore:

Nearly 15,000 delegates and visitors assembled in Baltimore and, coming from all sections of the land, afforded a fine cross-section view of the race as a whole. Men and women, old and young, in wide ranges of occupation and financial prosperity, they foregathered for the business management of one of the really great religious organizations of the country, level-headed in their business work, sincerely fervid in prayer and praise.

Even the delegates' ways of travel to Baltimore from their homes were of significance. Probably 50 per cent rode in their own automobiles, some from very long distances, of whom some camped in the open air en route and others patronized hotels and boarding houses. Of the hundreds who traveled by rail, a major percentage used standard or tourist sleeping cars, while those journeying by water enjoyed equally comfortable accommodations. Round-trip railroad fares ranged, for instance, from $42 from Nashville and $50 from Jackson, Miss. No shacks sheltered them in the convention city, but comfortable houses with every reasonable convenience, or decent, clean and respectable hotels. Yet only 62 years ago the parents of many of these delegates were slaves.

* * *

The Memphis, Tennessee, *Commercial Appeal* has an editorial:

Went out to the Colored Fair. It was amazing. The progress the Negroes have made in this territory in the last twenty-five years should be of immense joy to them and it should be gratifying to their white fellow citizens.

* * *

The Durham, North Carolina, *Herald* says of a meeting there:

It was quite an honor paid to the Durham Negroes, and whites, too, for this body of leaders in the educational progress of the Negro to come here. It was an evidence of the appreciation that Negroes of the country have arrived at concerning the splendid type of colored people living in Durham, and also a tribute to the splendid and proper relationship existing between the races here. We do not believe that there is better relationship between the two races in any place than to be found in Durham. Neither do we believe that any other city has a better type of Negroes than Durham. It is small wonder, then, that the

National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools selected Durham as its convention city.

* * *

The Parkersburg, West Virginia, *Sentinel* says:

Colored people of West Virginia are among the most intelligent and industrious of their race. The remarkable increase in the number of Negroes operating farms in this state during the past five years is one of the chief points of interest in the 1925 farm census of West Virginia just released by the division of agriculture, bureau of the census, in Washington, according to T. Edward Hill, director of the bureau of Negro welfare and statistics.

* * *

The meeting of the Elks at Richmond is still causing comment. The Wilmington, Delaware, *News* says:

The Chamber of Commerce exerted itself to have the visitors entertained, and they were welcomed by the mayor and the governor. The meeting was such that a leading colored pastor in Washington highly praised the Virginia officials and declared that if what they got in Richmond was a sample of how the South was going to treat his race the Negroes would stay in the South, and many of those who had gone North would return.

* * *

The Richmond *Times Dispatch* declares that N. A. Morel, the colored organizer of the Elks Convention, "put to shame all previous arrangements for any convention ever held in Richmond by white or colored people".

* * *

This leads a columnist in the Los Angeles, California, *News*, to assume:

Is it possible that the race prejudice of the South is at last breaking down? Information from Richmond, Va., indicates that it is possible for Southerners and Negroes not only to mix, but that they have reached a point where one will co-operate with the other. In light of the dispatches which we read daily concerning lynchings and murders in places having a large colored population, it certainly is gratifying to learn of a change in feeling.

* * *

Then a colored writer in the New Haven *Union* adds:

Instead of arousing America to a sense of Richmond's greatness, her Elk week conduct has merely raised the questions: If these things were possible during the Elk convention, why aren't they possible all the time? If Richmond can abolish Jim Crow law for 100,000 members of our Race for one week without injury to anyone, why can't she extend the same decency to the 54,000 citizens, almost half the population of the city, who live there and pay taxes to help support Richmond?

If the white people of Richmond are so proud of her "Negroes" why must they subject them to insults and humiliations with no other cause than that they are not white? Why are these people forbidden the theaters, restaurants, hotels and other places that mean so much to a free citizen in a free country?

Richmond, by dressing herself up for the Elk convention, while leaving a pleasant sensation in minds of her visitors from the four corners of the United States, did not make the impression she thought she did, for by her own hospitality she has destroyed her main argument for prejudice and a race problem. She has shown the rest of the South just how easy it is to live in peace with our Race where the attitude is one of fairness. Here, also, was presented a strong argument against "white America".

THE WORST SOUTH

THE following advertisement appeared in the Greensboro, North Carolina, *Daily News*, July 12, 1925:

Wanted—Cook. Must be a regular South Carolina or Georgia "nigger" and not a North Carolina colored lady. For breakfast and evening dinner. Must know something about cooking. The writer of this ad knows a "nigger" when he sees one. Phone 3787 or 1302-J.

* * *

The colored people of Louisville, Kentucky, are voting against a five million dollar bond issue for schools:

HAS THE ATTITUDE OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION IN THE PAST TOWARDS COLORED PEOPLE BEEN SUCH AS TO INSPIRE US WITH CONFIDENCE THAT WE WILL GET A FAIR DEAL? What about the attitude of the BOARD WHEN SOME OF OUR TEACHERS WERE BEATEN UP BY PARK GUARDS AND ARRESTED? WHAT ABOUT THE ABOLISHMENT OF THE COLORED NORMAL,—which at the time excited indignation. WAS IT NOT INTENTIONAL THAT IN BUILDING CENTRAL COLORED HIGH SCHOOL,—BOTH THE OLDER AND NEWER SECTION—THAT THE MAIN ENTRANCE FOR THE CHILDREN WAS PUT IN ONE CASE ON A SIDE STREET, AND IN THE OTHER CASE ON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING? Architectural plans of white schools do not seem to call for such an arrangement.

It should be the pride of ANY citizen of Louisville to go to Brook and Breckenridge

Streets and view the magnificent plant erected there as a Male High School. There are other wonderful High School Buildings of which each citizen should be proud. Mr. Altsheler stated he believed that among other things the Board of Education intended to build another magnificent High School for WHITE PUPILS somewhere in the West End at estimated cost of $700,000.00. What school building in the entire city of Louisville can colored citizens point to with pride? Name any one to which children can go and from the physical building and equipment receive inspiration. If you name the Lincoln School, it's built on a side street and is already inadequate. If you name Central Colored High School, it's merely a reworked building,—with what is regarded by many colored people, as a "Jim Crow" entrance.

Colored people are really entitled to more than a proportionate share of any $5,000,000.00 Bond Issue, because they are already ten years behind the white schools. What would really give inspiration to colored boys and girls, and enthuse colored voters to support and help pass the Bond Issue would be for the Board of Education to devote a portion of the Bond Issue to the building of an administration building for themselves; tear down the building in which they are housed (next to a colored school); wreck the unsightly buildings housing Central Colored High School and using the entire square between Eighth and Ninth for the purpose, erect at LEAST ONE HIGH SCHOOL IN CONNECTION WITH JUNIOR COLLEGES THAT WOULD COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH THE MANY BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS ALREADY BUILT FOR WHITE CHILDREN. This would somewhat approximate justice to the colored school children and the colored tax payers of Louisville. It would, however, probably not be necessary to go to this extreme to satisfy colored people.

What have colored people to lose in case the bonds do not pass? If they pass, they must pay increased taxes, and unless the Board of Education makes some definite promise, we must pay these extra taxes just the same, and we will have no assurance as to what extent we are to benefit from the spending of $5,000,000.00. If the Bond Issue fails to pass, then we're little worse off than we are at the present time.

If the Board of Education wants $5,000,000.00 for improvement of all schools, then let them promise $1,000,000.00 for the colored schools. If they are not willing to make the promise we certainly can know they don't intend to spend any such sum on colored children. If they contend that $800,000.00 or $900,000.00 or even $600,000.00 is a more reasonable amount then, let them promise this sum. Otherwise it could happen that $100,000.00, more or less, might be spent on colored schools.

Some one has said that "our good white friends" would act fairly and that we ought not to mistrust them. They have also said that it is not a political question. To both suggestions we must differ. The question of this Bond Issue is not a question of Friendship. It is a cold-blooded business proposition and it should be up to colored people to see that they get everything to which they are entitled—and they are entitled to a great deal.

GENIUS

IT is said time and time again that when the Negro race exhibits real talent and genius, then it escapes the petty prejudice and annoyances which surround it in America. This is not only not true but often American prejudice actually pursues and attacks Negro genius beyond the confines of its own country. An excellent example of this is the career of the singer, Mme. Florence Cole Talbert.

Madame Talbert this year has been studying at the musical academy of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, Italy. The well-known Italian daily, *Il Risorgimento* reports the final recital of the Academy and says in its headlines: "Final recital; race hatred; reaction of citizens; triumphant welcome to Miss Florence Talbert." Of all the pupils the portrait of Madame Talbert is the only one to appear and the following program is noted:

"La Loreley" di Listr e "Babbino caro" del Puccini; miss Alice Gillen: "Oh del mio amato ben" di Donaudy; miss Pauline A. Hughes e miss Nera Galesta: "Sonata in re maggiore per violino con accompagnamento di pianoforte. Adagio-Allegro con fuoco-Largheto-Allegretto grazioso" del Nardini; miss Florence Talbert tra en delirio di applausi ha cantato con infinita grazia "O Patria mia" (Aida) e "Figlia del Sol" Africana; mr. Thomas Coppinger: "Mappari" (*La Marta* del Flotow) e "O dolci baci" (*Tosca* del Puccini; Miss Blanche Whitely: "In quelle trine" (*Manon* del Puccini) e "Voi lo sapete" (*Cavalleria* del Mascagni); miss Nera Galeota: Musica per pianoforte "I due studi" di Chopin, "Di Sera" di Schumann e "Etude Mignonne" di Schutt; ed. infine il duetto dell' *Aida*" cantato da miss Blanche Whitley e miss Mildred Anderson, tutte salutate da scroscianti applausi.

* * *

It will be noted that the chief mention is given Madame Talbert who "amid a storm of applause sang with infinite grace."

MADAME TALBERT AND HER AMERICAN FELLOW-STUDENTS

The journal then goes on to say:

Now that the pupils have all or nearly all departed, we feel that we ought to mention an offensive episode which has by no means escaped the notice of our citizens. Indeed they have reacted against it to the best of their ability.

Among the young Americans there was a real and true artist, Miss Florence Talbert who had the mischance to be of mixed blood, that is, she was the daughter of a white woman and a Negro [sic] but was a magnificent type of mulatto.

It is notorious that in America the aversion between white and colored people is very bitter and so great is the feeling against colored people that we have had to notice with disgust how the whites, with the very worst taste and the least tact, wished to bring their feelings and prejudices into our most hospitable Italy. The brave soprano, Miss Florence Talbert, was born in Los Angeles, California and won a gold medal at the Musical College of Chicago in 1916. During the entire period of the musical season she has suffered from the prejudice of her compatriots. They have not only ostracized her completely but tried to attack her character.

But the valiant artist has been welcomed by a large group of distinguished ladies in Italian society and has been able easily not only to triumph over all prejudice but to achieve a great success.

Sometime ago a colleague of ours went to the Villa d'Este to photograph the students. The Americans did not want Miss Talbert included in the group. The photographer had to insist for a long time and at last it was only when he threatened not to make the photograph at all, that the whites yielded. [*See photograph above*].

As we have said, these facts did not escape the watchful eye of the community who gave all their sympathy to Miss Florence Talbert and decided that on the first occasion they would make this sympathy publicly known.

Therefore on last Sunday when the final recital took place, the large and cultured audience gave every manifestation of affection for Miss Talbert and with long and repeated applause saluted the real and true artist that she is.

Two magnificent bouquets of flowers, the only ones given during the whole musical season, were sent to her.

Magnificent in power and modulation, she showed herself the true artist in "O Patria Mia" from Aida and in "Figlia del Sol" from the Africana, so much so as to surprise the audience and move it profoundly, and greatly to impress her teacher, Professor Delia Valeri.

To these good auguries, let us add our warmest "On to greater things."

* * *

THE CRISIS is indebted to E. C. Williams of Howard University for the above translation.

THE LITTLE PAGE

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

HIGH CAROL

IN just such a manger
As cattle must know
Our Master and Jesus
Was born long ago.
"A strange heir to Kingdoms",
The earth doubting cried,
Who looked for the Savior
To come with great pride,
Amidst sheen of jewel
In some stately hall,
With wealth that all princes
Of earth would appall.

Sing Hail to HIGH MAJESTY
Born to the meek.
HE came among shepherds
As SHEPHERD to seek!
In spite of the Prophets
And all they foretold,
In spite of the guiding
Of that star of gold,
In face of the Wise Men
Who knew to believe,
The hosts were too vain
And too blind to receive

HIM! HAIL TO HIGH MAJESTY
Born to the meek,
He came among Shepherds
As SHEPHERD to seek!
Hail! Hail! HALLELUIAH!
HIS Grace and HIS Day!
Our hearts should rejoice
That HE came just that way!

CALENDAR CHAT

THIS chat will be of Norway spruce trees. How gorgeously they are being dressed with silver stars at this season! For they are well beloved as Christmas trees.

It has been many years since I read Björnson's story of the two small boys, Anton and Little Storm who had managed to lose themselves among the giant evergreens of Norway when all the countryside was white with snow.

The writer painted with his pen such wonderful pictures of winter in Norway. They seemed to take one right to those vast forests with their monuments of snow.

I used to look at our Norway spruce hedge in December and think of the land for which it was named, just as the sight of those gaudily dainty and exquisite flowers, the gladioluses of Africa, awake in my mind thoughts of her far-off shores. For I know that this popular flower was first found in Africa.

But what a distance from Norway to Africa! Let me hasten back to that little Norway spruce hedge that grows between the orchard and lawn of my Ohio home. It was planted there in 1898, and yet it has not grown tall.

Once every year great iron clippers trim the hedge very neat. It measures six feet across the top and puts out tender parrot green shoots every spring, but there its development seems to cease.

Yet this is not correct, for the hedge is about four feet tall, and I remember when we as children used to just step over it easily and get scolded for "tramping down" the bushes.

Now it is a compact wall, a shelter for wild creatures and plant growth. You may peep down at the shrubs' trunks in winter and discover green miniature sprigs of wild plants hiding there—tuftlets of catnip, mullein like little pale rabbit ears peeping up from the ground and numerous other dwarf sprays on their way to greatness, stealing shelter under the kindly old hedge.

And as for birds! Oh, my, what would they do without this Norway spruce fence? The English sparrows go to bed there all winter, and even cardinals are seen flitting about it sometimes when winter has hardly gone.

On bitter evenings when red sunsets paint the ice-pools pink one may see crafty old cats stealing to the hedge after sparrows. Less common than the cat prints in the snow one finds now and then tracks of rabbits at the fence.

Sometimes I would catch a glimpse of Cotton Tail nibbling the little herbs at the root of the evergreens. Again I would peep and see Sir Bunny simply posed there like a stuffed toy, his eyes unblinking black and blank. He would allow me almost to touch him, then dart off swiftly, noiselessly through the orchard. In autumn he uses the hedge as a refuge from huntsmen.

And if the small spruce is so kind, what must the great tree be! Oh, I would love to look at one this minute all trimmed for the holidays!—with sparkling silver balls and butterflies and small bells that whisper whenever you brush against them, "Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS GIFT

MOTHER GARDNER lived in an old fashioned brick house. It would seem that the birds had moved there with her years ago. They had apartments all around the building and came and went at will, as though possessing keys to the grounds all through bird season.

The chimney swifts would swirl and whistle and feed in the air above the cottage at twilight, just as Mother Gardner would walk and rock and hum upon the lawn by day. She lived in the house. They lived in the chimney of that house, and used to shake crumbling bits of plaster down into the gas heater pipe of Mother Gardner's bedroom.

And sparrows used to litter her cistern piping with straws. Yet I do not believe she even disliked the English sparrows. It almost seems that birds swing notices somewhere in the sky above premises that shelter them: "DIRECTLY UNDER HERE LIVES THE BIRDS' FRIEND. STAY IN HER YARD ANYWHERE. ROOST IN HER HONEYSUCKLE. PERCH ON HER PLUM TREE. BENEATH HER EAVES. MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. NO CATS. NOTHING HERE BUT A GREAT BIG HEART. POSTSCRIPT: She even lets English sparrows eat with her beautiful white Orpington chickens at meal time in the poultry yards."

So the birds were there every day. I mean every day without exception.

The titmice with their dark peaked gnome hoods and the yellow muff under each arm, and sprightly chickadees in black toboggan caps—minus the appendages—were there in zero weather—whistling all around Mother Gardner's yard, and eating the bits of fat meat that she had scattered about on fence tops and in the walks for them. She liked to hear their whistles and clicks. Mother Gardner even encouraged the blue jays to come to her place in severe weather.

And cardinals? Of course they were there the greater part of the year. They liked to dash up in crimson breeches like a French soldier, at the red day-break and sound stirring reveilles.

One Christmas Eve night Mother Gardner thought: "The birds are good faithful cheery friends of mine all the year through. I shall put some crumbs out on the window sill tonight, for birds rise early, and they will find a Christmas gift up here before I get downstairs to scatter crumbs."

So she tipped down, down to the pantry and cut a large slice of fruit cake, rich with almonds and currants and citron, and breaking it into bits on a tray, took the little metal plate up and placed it on her window sill.

"My little friends shall have some of the same Christmas cake that I enjoy." And she went to bed.

Way on, perhaps late at night, perhaps very early in the morning, Mother Gardner was sure that she caught through her open window a faint sound, a sort of tinkling on the metal tray that held the crumbs.

"The birds have found their Christmas gift," she thought joyously and hurried to the window. Something dimly gray and too large for a sparrow or titmouse flew upward like a shadow.

"A flying squirrel!" Mother Gardner gasped. A little sigh of regret followed.

Then she smiled and looked up into the mild sky. It looked so gentle in its Gobelin blue all set with stars. "God," Mother Gardner thought, "has put HIS beautiful sky there for all of us—squirrels and birds and even a poor old feeble lady like me. That is the way with this business of kindness," and she toddled back to bed, well content, "it is a great friendly umbrella that spreads over ALL."

So she pulled her nice soft covers over her, adjusted her lace night cap, and slept.

And the flying squirrels ate all the fruit cake from the tray, but the birds had a fine Christmas feast downstairs the next morning.

EUGENICS AND THE RACE PROBLEM *

E. FRANKLIN FRAZIER

LAST year, there appeared in THE CRISIS an article purporting to set forth the place of eugenic control in the Negro problem. The chief significance of the article lay in the fact that it indicated the tendency of the younger generation of Negroes to apply the latest scientific technic to their problem rather than to put faith in the older formulas. However, there were many unwarranted assumptions in the article that have gone unchallenged. The purpose of this article is to examine critically the assumptions of the above mentioned article, and to indicate briefly the limitations of eugenic control in the race problem. Space will not permit any more than the briefest outline of the greater possibilities of environmental control.

Before we consider the limitations upon eugenic control, let us emphasize this point: namely, that the Negro problem is essentially a problem of social adjustment. And since all problems of social adjustment are primarily a question of attitudes, the Negro problem is, therefore, a psychological problem. Attitudes are derived from the cultural environment. The changing of the biological inheritance of the Negro, short of physical assimilation, offers no promise of a change in the traditional responses of the white man. To be sure many Negro leaders have worked on the naive assumption that the reduction of illiteracy, crime, disease, and poverty among the colored group would insure its full participation in American culture. Even those who hold most tenaciously to this assumption will become disillusioned by the article of Judge Winston in the July number of Current History. The truth seems to be that as the Negro approaches the cultural level of the whites, the latter show greater antagonism, especially in the South. The chief value to the Negro of the mitigation of his problems is to secure group survival. The problem of adjustment to the American cultural environment is another problem.

We shall consider the limitations upon eugenic control of the population. The time element is the first obstacle. We must wait about twenty years to see the fruits of our initial attempt at selective mating. The same charge must be placed upon succeeding generations. But of greater importance is the fact that qualities susceptible to the breeding process are limited. There are certain physical traits, such as the color and texture of the hair, eye color; and certain pathological characters, such as dwarfism, polydactyly, and cataract which are inherited according to the Mendelian ratio. Syphilis is not inherited as commonly supposed, but is acquired from pre-natal environment. There is still some question about feeblemindedness. Although it appears to follow the Mendelian principle, there are some students who attribute it to pre-natal influences. Uncritical observation has habitually regarded everything as part of inheritance that is found in the individual at birth.

The author of the article which has occasioned our writing, declares that "scientists are essentially agreed that mental and moral characters are inherited and with about the same degree of intensity as physical characters." He says also that we should see that the Negro's "moral fibre" is passed on to succeeding generations. This last injunction would be proper if "moral fibre" could be isolated and selected into the race by breeding. The first statement is far from the truth, for most of the foremost scientists are of the opinion that moral traits are not inherited. Mental and moral traits reflect the psycho-social environment. Many of these moral traits are highly complex social values, relating only to time and place. They are merely names given to habit-complexes. Unless we believe in the inheritance of acquired characters, it would be impossible to pass on these traits by biological transmission.

To sum up the case for eugenic control in respect to the Negro, we can simply say that the Negro in marrying should have due regard for his offspring by not mating

* Applied Eugenics, by Albert Sidney Beckham, The Crisis, August, 1924, p. 177.

with stocks that show signs of feeblemindedness and the grosser abnormal physical traits which follow the Mendelian principle. Likewise, of course, he should seek healthy consorts. These precautions will control individual conduct. But the point at issue is the policy which should be adopted to insure the welfare of the group.

Here we shall outline briefly the *rôle* of environmental control. Let us take the case of tuberculosis which the said writer has cited as a problem for eugenic control. He blames it on the Negro's poor physical inheritance. Must we wait for the Negro to develop an immunity through natural and artificial selection or should we attack the problem by a public health program which is a means of environmental control? The prevalence of tuberculosis is often correlated with social factors. The experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company shows that the Negro improves his health through educational methods. Let us take again the question of rickets among Negro children. Although the exact nature of this pathological condition is not known, it is generally associated with a wrong diet. Here again, we see that the cultural environment through its channels for spreading a knowledge of proper feeding is the most promising means for meeting the problem. Likewise, in view of the newly discovered importance of the prenatal environment, we can readily see that only environmental control can eliminate the present effects of the superstitious practices of mid-wives who attend most colored mothers. Pre-natal clinics can do more than eugenic control. The same can be said concerning the problem of feebleminded-ness, if it is an inherited trait, as it appears to be. There is no apparent danger that the best mentally endowed Negroes will debase their intellectual inheritance by mating with feebleminded persons. But there is a danger that the proper institutional controls, which should control the procreation of the colored feebleminded, will be lacking among colored people. In the South where little notice is taken of the colored feebleminded, unless to lynch them when they commit crimes, they are permitted to breed at a rapid rate. Here another factor in the selective process among Negroes can only be mentioned. The whole social system in the South favors the propagation of the least socially desirable (in a civilized environment) among Negroes. The less energetic and resourceful fit easily into the *rôle* the white man has assigned the Negro, while the more energetic and resourceful leave or often fail to reproduce.

The chief environmental or cultural influence among Negroes for transmitting the pattern of our civilization is the school. It is through education that the socializing process is carried on. What those concerned with the progress of the Negro want is a Negro with habit-complexes modeled largely after the pattern of Western civilization. But a more potent influence would be the home. The Negro home is gradually assuming its proper *rôle* as parents become more intelligent. The greatest handicap to this socializing process is the isolation forced upon the Negro. Much of the failure of the Negro to achieve in the higher realms of intellectual activities is due to the lack of contact. Most of the present outburst of creative effort on the part of Negroes in New York is surely attributable to a stimulating cultural environment, rather than to any formal breeding process.

So while we should have a proper regard for selecting the desirable heritable traits, we should above all secure a cultural environment that will insure the development of the richest personalities and the perpetuation of the socially desirable.

CO-OPERATION AT BLUEFIELD

R. P. Sims

CO-OPERATION is a term used both for a theory of life and for a system of business, with the general sense of "working together and sharing together". In a co-operative business the individuals unite for mutual aid in production of wealth, which they devote to common purposes, or share among themselves upon

principles of equity, reason and the common good, agreed upon beforehand.

The educational project in co-operative business at the Bluefield Institute, Bluefield, W. Va., takes the form of a student co-operative store, which is fostered by the Commercial Department in an attempt to supply the needs of the student body and provide a commercial laboratory for the application of business theory and practice.

The store is owned by student stockholders and is operated by the students of the Commercial Department. The capital of the store was raised by selling stock in the Co-operative Society at a price less than one dollar per share. The store carries school books and school supplies, athletic goods, kodaks, some pastries made by domestic science classes, confections and sundries, all of which are sold at the current prices in the city. Only members receive sales tickets with purchases and of course only members participate in dividends. Dividends are paid out of net profits at the end of the fiscal period on the basis of the stockholder's total purchases and not on the share of stock.

The volume of business transacted by the store, since its beginning in December, has enabled the Co-operative Society to free itself of debt and to have clear ownership of the assets of the store with no additional cost. In the meanwhile, the stockholders have voted class scholarships, to the extent of tuition, in both the Secondary Department and Junior College. The net profits then remaining will be distributed to stockholders in proportion to their respective total purchases.

The government and operation of the Co-operative Society are very simple. The Board of Directors is composed of stockholders elected from the respective classes of the school. Each stockholder has one vote. The personnel of the store is appointed from the Commercial Department of the Junior College for practical experience. The manager and his organization have a free hand in carrying out the details of administration. This brings into play the practical application of business theory and methods being received in classroom instruction. The manager gets the executive point of view by being held responsible for the business as a whole and for the successful operation and co-ordination of the related and interrelated departments of the business. The bookkeeper or accountant sees concretely the cost of "leaks" and the dependence of the business upon the efficient keeping of accounts. The student in charge of purchasing makes visits to wholesale houses where he gathers valuable information. He experiences the temptation to "over buy" and realizes the necessity of having knowledge of what the public wants and how important it is to have the right goods on hand at the right time. The students are responsible for the display of merchandise and the store advertising. This calls for the application of the theory of advertising and also provides an opportunity for the student to draw on his own resourcefulness and test his ability to get results. The selling practice in the store enables the students to see concretely the premium that is placed upon personality, business approach, tact, self confidence and real service. Patrons of the store look to it for advice and suggestions when purchasing. They often want advice and information on general business matters. Prices similar to those in the city and service on the part of the management have been big factors in the success of the store, both with its members and patrons about the school grounds.

In widening the activities of the Co-operative Society the most important project at present is the establishment of the class scholarships. For the future much is planned, however, the members realize the necessity of proceeding cautiously.

The experience of the educational project in co-operative business at the Bluefield Institute leads one to believe that, in the field of real co-operative business, the schools afford unlimited opportunities for the play of individual business initiative, while they give substance to the hope that co-operative business can be of material service in Negro life, when it is founded on proven principles and competently administered.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

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